

## Angel Choir

Someone must have forgotten to put me to bed  
that night because I remember falling asleep  
on the couch in Aunt Jennie's parlor,  
dark red upholstery, white lace doilies,  
clock ticking on the mantel,  
fire's dying embers warming the room.

In the dining room, my aunts and my mother,  
the only ones still up,  
were talking late into the night.  
"She's fallen asleep", one of them said.  
"Leave her there – it's a shame to wake her."  
I was still awake but didn't let them know.  
I wanted to eavesdrop.

Their voices rose and fell  
Now forte, now pianissimo  
First one, then two, then all three at once  
Aunt Mary's tenor, Aunt Jennie's soprano,  
Mother's alto somewhere in between

Thoughtful pauses, playful teasing, bits of gossip  
Aunt Mary's wisecracks,  
Aunt Jennie's tinkling laughter,  
Mother's gentle reminder not to wake me.

No music I've heard since has been  
sweeter than that - my angels  
singing me to sleep.